## TWO WOLVES AND A LAMB.

BY FRANK J. WEBB.

[Continued.]

AUTHOR OF "THE GARRIES."

[Written for the New Ena.]

I do not know that I have before mentioned that Walton held the rank of captain in the American army. He was devoted to his profession, the principal object of his visit to Europe being the study of military science.

At that time the Emperor frequently indulged his subjects with those brilliant military spec-tacles which his magnificent army enables him to produce. Walton was a constant attendant at these reviews, and a frequent visitor at the many camps scattered throughout France. About this time a review on the grandest scale was to take place in the vicinity of Lyons.

Walton, as usual, prepared to attend. It was rather cool weather. The evening previous to his departure we were at the Goffes indulging, in what few enjoy in Paris, the luxury of a wood fire upon the hearth. I had observed that Walton was rather dull and dreamy in his manner. He remarked to me

"I cannot tell why, but I have a presenti ment that I should not go to this review. have an undefined sense of some o'er-hanging danger, that oppresses me and makes me feel gloomy; yet it does not assume any definite shape.

We passed one of these evenings (which the most intimate friends sometimes pass together) in a sort of dull tranquility, productive of a happiness negative in character. Whether it was the sparkling wood fire upon the hearth suggesting reminiscences of far-off homes. drawing our attention from our immediate sur roundings, or that the gloomy presentiment expressed by Walton affected us, I cannot tell, but this I know, we all felt strangely subdued

Even Mimi partook of the general tranquility, and lay coiled up in his soft cottonlined basket, only opening his eyes and giving a lazy wink when the fitful flames mounted higher and higher, or the fierce crackling fire scattered sparks upon the hearth stone. At last, on slily drawing out my watch I discovered it was nearly twelve o'clock. We arose to go. With that consideration with which I wish to be treated when I am in love, I enveigled the Lamb toward the window, and pointed out to her attention some object moving in the semi darkness of the street. I also called Walter to notice it. Then leaving them, I stirred up Mimi vigorously as the most effective way of arresting the attention of the twins, thus to leave Walton and Laura in that position that lovers most desire-alone with each other. At length the inevitable leave-taking came

footsteps down into the Boulevard. We had proceeded but a few yards from the house when he clutched my hand nervously and exclaimed:

"Now I am sure of it. I know who it at feets. It is Laura. I must return and warn Leaving me bewildered by his abrupt manner, he rushed back into the house. Ere many moments had elapsed he rear

peared, and having joined me, passed his arm through mine, saying calmly: "It would be foolish to disturb her tranquility with what, perhaps, may be after all but phantasy. Warn her against what? I am sure I cannot tell She is in God's hands.'

Walton was habitually grave, but this un wonted seriousness of manners impressed me strongly.

The morning after Walton's departure called at the Goffes and entered into an ar rangement with them for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Laura was famed as the most graceful and accomplished horse-woman in Paris All her natural timidity of manner vanished when she was once mounted. She had success fully managed animals that no other horsewoman in Paris was willing to essay to ride It seemed strange to see that delicate creature, generally so shrinking, so timid, sit upon restless, spirited horse that it had appeared impossible that she could control.

Walton had presented Laura with a chestnut mare, which was the admiration of Paris docile and easily managed; with no other fault than an inclination to start and shy when un-

usual objects met her eye. On the eventful erening to which I refer, on being brought around from the stables (where she had been without exercise for nearly a week) she appeared unusually unquiet and restively

"The mare is very restive to-day; uncomgiven her exercise enough," I observed to the

"She has been shut up a little too much lately; beside we met a great hearse on our way here, and she didn't like the look of it. She hasn't quite got over it yet, sir. After she has

had a canter she will come all right again." Laura stood by prepared to mount. She patted the arched neck of the beautiful creature, who seemed to recognize her, and became comparatively quiet beneath her caresses. "Just put me up, Mr. Braham. We get on charmingly together as soon as I am mounted.

We know each other, don't we, Xirifa?" With the assistance of my hand she sprang lightly into the saddle, rode from beneath the archway into the court yard, around which she walked the mare a few times, until she had become quite passive under her influence and

control. We rode through the most quiet and unfre quented streets on our way to the Bois de Boulogne. We had not proceeded a great distance from home ere I perceived that Miss Goffe had concealed in her bosom her pet snake, Mimi, whose head now and then appeared and disappeared amidst the frill that decorated the front

of which had been left unfastened to enable it to move its scaly folds. " How could you renture on anything so rash as bringing that little torment with you? Suppose it should get about your arms and interfere with the management of your horse?" "Don't alarm yourself," she said indiffer-

ently. "I and Mimi are safe together." I had been riding on the outside next Mis Goffe. I turned my horse and then rode be tween the ladies, so as more effectually to shield Laura from contact with or observation of, the object of her aversion. We rode on quietly with little to arrest our attention till we came to the woods: then in conversation I forgot my precaution, and changed my position from

between them. Ere long my attention was attracted by a group of familiar faces in the distance, and whilst bowing to some one who had recognized me. I was startled by a sharp, quick cry from Laura, and discovered to my horror on turning entwined itself about Laura's arm, and by a con traction of its folds, had drawn the horses head fectly useless. At the same moment it caught the eye of Xirifa, who, with a wild snort and

her rider, then darted furiously forward into the forest. I was so horror-stricken as to be almost paralized. She was many lengths ahead ere I sufficiently recovered my presence of mind to pursue. There were but few riders in the wood, and all seemed incapable of affording the least assistance. When at last, by dint of hard spurring, I managed to approach within a short distance of her, the mare, alarmed by something in the pathway, suddenly veered from her courses, shving violently. Then there was a shrick-a crushing noise-and Laura was thrown to the ground. She was breathing when we took her up. She opened her eyes and en-deavored to speak. A little stream of blood trickled from her nostrils, and she fell back in

my arms-DEAD. At first I could not believe in the reality of what had occurred. It seemed I must be laboring under some painful dream. A young army surgeon, who happened to be near, tendered us his assistance. He at length essayed to bleed her; but the attempt was entirely unsuccessful. I at last was constrained to admit the awful-

The agony of Maria Goffe was something terrible to look at. She o'erwhelmed herself with the bitterest reproaches, and threw herself frantically on the ground beside Laura, entreating her in most piteous terms, for the love of God, only to look up—to speak once more—and

truth-Laura was dead.

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say she forgave her. A crowd had now gathered around us. It

An elderly gentleman, handing me his card, begged we would make use of his carriage to ton had forgotten a woman to whom, apparently, return to Paris. I thankfully accepted his offer. Placing the dead body of poor Laura therein, we drove back to our home.

her capable of exhibiting. bear it. Miss Goffe, wringing her hands,

warned? My own obstinacy has occasioned will he had succeeded in burying a hopeless her death. It is my ruin. He will never bear grief. But the world, the dear thousand and to look at me. He will hate me forever." A servant was immediately dispatched to the an order that a copy should be transmitted to

In about two hours our messenger returned with the disagreeable intelligence that the government were engaged in transmitting important despatches to Algeria, and that the wires brusquirie of their manner greatly abated, from could not be placed at the disposal of the gen-

eral public for fourteen hours. Soon after we were greatly startled by the sudden appearance of Walton. He was strikingly pale, but his face were its usual impassaas though she would sink into the ground with fear. Her characteristic bravado of manner had entirely deserted her. "Do not tell him; for God's sake do not tell

im it was I," she whispered to me. "Walton," said I, "we have terrible news

"The worst you can tell me will not exceed my forebodings-Laura is dying or dead," he him.

For a second none of us could summon courage to rejoin. At last I said hoarsely, "Yes, Walton, Laura is dead. I cannot here tell you here by saying, "I know perfectly when she died. How, but indistinctly. This I know; she must have died violently, for she came to me with blood upon her face."

Maria Goffe and her sister seemed appalled by terror and surprise at this startling declaraion of Walton's, whilst the author of so much niserv exclaimed: "It was I, Walton; it was all my fault. Is

possible for you to forgive me? Walton made no immediate reply, but after looking fixedly at her for a few moments, answered: "That, Maria, is between you and God."

I was anxious as far as possible to cut short this harrowing scene, so 1 led Walton from the

In a few hours all was over, and sweet Laura Pere le Chaise. During the interval that elapsed between the return of Walton and the final obsequies, he had not uttered a word conand when it was over Walton (who had arranged to walk home with me) followed with lingering grave, or evinced the slightest emotion. That he did feel, and feel deeply, it was impossible ascribed to that wonderful mastery of expression he seemed so capable of exercising. I longed to ascertain the cause of his sudden re- the soft beauty of a summer landscape. turn to Paris, knowing that from the circum- Walton had always been connoisseur in paintbefallen us. He seemed so taciturn so reserved, that I did not venture to intrude my questions upon him.

Two days succeeding the funeral, Walton and were alone together in my room at the hotel. I could no longer repress my curiosity to learn whether accident or design had caused his return to Paris.

"You received our telegraphic despatch? said I inquiringly. His face assumed a somewhat gloomy look

as he replied: "Do you not remember with what reluctwhich I was subjected? I felt it was a sort of weakness to give way to it, to this undefined Succeeding, he wever, in conquering my reluctance, I started. Once out of Paris, my attention arrested by unfamiliar objects, a new train of reflections, more cheerful in character, dissipated the disagreeable presentiments that had declining day, returned, doubled in force the ture.' dismal forebodings which had so oppressed me in the morning. I endeavored unsuccessfully

to shake them off, and strove to encourage sleep as a resource against them. "At last I succeeded in falling into a partial slumber from which I was rudely awakened by a terrible shock, seemingly a blow upon the monly so. I am afraid, George, you have not head. Starting up, my senses bewildered, my entered her heart, seemed to have strangely perceptions-my vision obscured for a few monents. I found a difficulty in remembering where I was; but as a full consciousness of my position returned, the objects about me grew more distinct.

"Instantaneously I felt sure something had happened to Laura, for it was toward her that my gloomy thoughts had been constantly tend-

Here Walton's face grew almost livid in its itation, and in a subdued tone continued:

"It seems almost incredible, and to one whose strong material nature rendered him in- other than the one I have offered. That seems capable of understanding the sympathetic con- sufficient." nection between Laura and I, I would not disclose what I new relate to you.

"Many men are too often prone to ridicule what they cannot understand. Dull, gross, icule of such people, for even I, cold and impassable as I seem to be, am vulnerable there. "But, let me resume. The physical effect of the shock I had received, and for which I of her riding dress, one or two of the buttons evening, what I had first imagined to be a as to render me mad? I started forward, but | does not know all the circumstances of the case,

relative distance between us, yet grew each

moment more and more distinct. "Had it been quite dark and the lamps burning dimly about me, I should have fancied it to be a shadow cast into the compartment by the light outside: a shadow which my excited imagination had tortured into a resemblance to evidence of my own senses opposed to the mere Laura. But just then the setting sun, which had been partially obscured by a cloud, threw a rich flood of golden light upon her. Her face was pale, her hair slightly disheveled, and the expression of her countenance was that of pain mingled with an almost unearthly resignation, ted to my mind that there had been a previous round that Mimi, by some means or other, had whilst her hazel eyes were bent upon me, oh! with such a look of tenderness and pity. Just over her temple was a wound from which blood in, a doubt she had struggled with and vancompletely round, and rendered her hands per- trickled. I saw the form but for a few seconds quished. Feeling there was for herself with longer, and as it faded away, such a circle of regard to Walton, no half-way position, that heavenly radiance played about her head and plunge, threw down her head, almost unseating illuminated her features that I cried, 'Laura or cease to trust him at all. has seen her last of earth, Laura is an angel.' Ere I had finished speaking the form vanished. So convinced was I that Laura was dying or dead that I quitted the cars at the first stop-

ping place and returned to Paris." I knew Walton to be imaginative, and but for the strong coincidence would have believed

Walton soon left Paris. He spoke of the misfortune that had befallen him in the loss of previous visits. Laura without the slightest appearance of agitation. He acted like one who knew he must become familiar with the constant presence of some almost o'erwhelming misery, and was less heavy heart than that I bore at Mrs. Goffe's wisely endeavoring to accustom himself to confront it at once.

The effect of this lamentable accident was more apparent on the Misses Goffe. It seemed | woman needed a blessing more." to have completely crushed Maria, the boldest, most daring of the two. She moved and spoke like one whom the burden of a great grief had entirely subdued.

"If." said she mournfully, "I had but one year to live, and I knew that would be the hap- redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc. piest of my life, I would cheerfully lay it down | Single blessedness is-sheet-iron quilts, blue to give Walton one hour of forgetfulness; for noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unrethat he feels more keenly than half the world

will ever believe, I know too well." Walton remained in the south of France six | corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb,

was suggested that she had better be removed. society of Paris. The world soon began to comment upon the ease with which Mr. Walhe had been so devotedly attached.

Walton seemed to wish to remove from the mind of Maria Goffe a sort of dread with which I cannot describe the horror and consterna- it was evident he inspired her. He paid her tion which prevailed at the Goffe's. Old Mr. those gentle, quiet attentions most acceptable Goffe was distracted by the occurrence. Miss in her peculiar situation. He visited them Anne evinced more feeling than I ever believed | daily, was the companion of their walks, and endeavored to inspire them with the cheerful-But they seemed most appaled at the thought ness which now characterized himself. At first of what Walton would say; how Walton would I could not understand it. I attributed his conduct to one of two things : either the great would exclaim bitterly, "He will charge me shock he had received was productive of total with murdering her. Why would I not be change in his character, or by his indomitable one riends, were greatly scandalized at Mr. Walton's great want of feeling. They never elegraph office with a message for Walton, and imagined that he could be acting a part, or that to one in his peculiar position solitude every hotel in Lyons, until the gentleman was | would become the parent of insanity, and that

only in the activity of the present he could forget the misfortune of the past. At the expiration of the allotted period of mourning the Goffe's appeared in society. The poor Maria almost gone. If the gay world were scandalized at Walton's early appearance amongst them, still more greatly were they shocked when they learned he had given place in his heart to another love; that the Wolf was ble calmness. Until he spoke we did not think | cherished where the Lamb had nestled. He he knew what had happened. Maria seemed was engaged to Maria Goffe. The gossiping world wondered how such a man could marry such a woman. How could they harmonize? What sentiments or tastes could they have in

common? Walton had been seen in gaming saloons. No one could say they knew him to be a loser ; but the mercenary regarded it as highly probable that Miss Goffe's large fortune had attracted

Disappointed women, whose charms had made no impression on him, pitied him, and expressed regret that one of their sex could stoop to acts which Maria Coffe had been guilty all-how or when she died." He interrupted of to win him. The charitable few, who may be found even in what is termed "the best society," believed he was marrying her to show that he could forgive, and that she had accepted his love that she might repair in the future the misfortunes of the past.

None of these reasons ever entered my mind, or if they had, they never could have satisfactorily accounted to me for his conduct. I could not credit that the event, terrible as it was in its character, could have wrought such a revolution in his disposition as to enable him to forgive or forget. I did not believe him to be the man to so far overlook a mortal injury, direct or indirect, accidental or premeditated. I grew suspcious, and watched his actions. It was painful to play the spy upon him, but I felt that the motive justified it. I could not divest my mind of the idea that there was some design rested in her last home, a quiet corner in the cherished by him, not apparent upon the surface, in marrying Maria Goffe. I noticed at times that the studied smiles his face wore in society, or when she was regarding him, gave cerning her. He never shed a tear at the place to an expression of concentrated bitterness and hatred almost diabolic when he did not imagine any one's attention was directed not to believe. His calmness could only be toward him. It shot out from beneath his heavy eyebrows, o'er the fixed smile that wreathed his mouth, like heat lightening over

stances of the case he could have received no in- ing He now became an art student, and during telligence of the terrible misfortune which had the time not devoted to military matters, might have been found, palette in hand, in his studio. I remember on entering there one morning I found him copying from a miniature a full length likeness of Laura. I was startled into saving as I gazed at it :

"Strange occupation for you, Walton. thought you had forgotten her.' He looked at me and replied with a sneer :

"And you, too, Braham, then have joined the fools.'

I did not like his manner. There was something in it that impressed me strongly. I felt more convinced now than ever that Walton was ance I quitte | Paris? The forebodings to acting a part. I began to feel myself placed in a most trying and difficult position. I telt sure this union was to be productive of no good, and house giving orders as if the responsibility apprehension, or I should not have left town. a sort of nameless terror crept over me whenever I heard it mentioned. My face must have expressed my forboding, for Walton after regarding me for a few seconds, continued:

"Don't mind me. Braham. You have sufficient good sense to know that it is the artist so recently overshadowed me. We stopped at painting the features of a beautiful woman, and D., as usual, for refreshments. On my return | not the lover reviving remembrance of the lost to the car I felt somewhat drowsy, much in- one. I trust I am too wise to recall the past. clined to sleep. It was growing dusk, and with | if I thought that past would embitter the fu-

After a short desultory conversation we parted. I went to the Goffe's. I found Maria alone in the drawing-room engaged in some needle work, to her an unwonted occupation. The misfortune, of which she had been the involuntary occasion, the acknowledged, and what she believed, reciprocated love which had subdued and softened her. The wild fiery light which formerly shone from her eyes had given place to a tender, almost melancholy, expression. In her whole manner there was something so imploring that I was involuntarily

touched. "Do you go to the Brebille's to-night?" asked. "No," she replied, "neither sister nor

 Walton does not approve of them." "And yet you used to be very intimate; and pallor. He stopped and covered it with his they have been kind to you. I trust you have hands. In a few seconds he conquered his ag- some good reason for so unceremoniously throwing them over."

"To you, perhaps, but it does not seem so to

"And why not," she rejoined, with a slight flash of the old manner coming over her. "I and unimpressionable themselves they deem am satisfied with what Walton does, for what others superstitious and weak-minded. I he does is for the best. If he says do this or should be chary of exposing myself to the rid- do that, I do it unquestionably, because I believe his judgments to be always correct and

his motives pure." "Miss Goffe, pardon me," I responded, " I suggest that this blind reliance on the will of could not account, had scarcely worn off, when another is not always likely to produce the raising my eyes I discovered in the extreme most beneficial results. We have every day end of the car, through the partial gloom of such instances of the fallibility of human judgments as to render it exceedingly unsafe to trust shadow was developing itself with fearful dis- any mortal to the extent you have just declared tinctness into the form of Laura. Could I be your willingness to rely on Mr. Walton. I have dreaming? Had the unaccountable shock I heard him censure the recent conduct of had received so far upset my nervous system | Madame de Brebille. As I am convinced he

the spirit, for such it was, preserved the same I feel sure he is governed by his prejudices; not guided by his sense of justice. "Notwithstanding this homily," replied she coldly, as she rose from her seat as if to terminate the interview. "I caunot but reiterate my unabated reliance on the correctness of Wa ton's opinion. I will go even farther, were the word or opinion of Walton, I would unhesitatingly yield my own conviction to his superior

judgment and penetration." A declaration strong as this, uncalled for too in view of the matter under discussion, suggescontest in her own with regard to her lover; that a doubt of his sincerity might have crept she must either place implicit reliance on him,

Soon after this I had occasion to observe a ward me, a sort of cold reserve that had never before characterized their intercourse with me. I naturally concluded that to Walton the change was to be directly or indirectly ascribed. A man of his keenness and penetration could imagination. But the utter impossibility of him, but I knew he was too subtile to say anyany communication having reached him, coupled | thing to them which they could repeat to me. with many other extraordinary things about I was determined, however, to be blind to this, him, caused me to believe implicitly what he and not to permit anything except positive rude-

> At length the marriage was consummated. I never saw a man apparentty in such wild spirts as Walton. I followed Laura to the grave with a far bridal. They departed from Paris amid the gret. congratulations of friends, and as her father blessed her I could not help thinking, "Never

TO BE CONTINUED. Matrimony is-hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, generated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened months, then returned and entered the gayest and any amount of misery.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

Cheering every weary soul.

All which you may be desiring

Yet what God is now requiring,

Is, do well the present hour.

Let no indolence prevail;

He who waits until to-morrow

To do good, will surely fail.

Let your aim be high and holy,

Life has pleasures for the lowly,

Idle hands are always weary;

Loving souls are ever cheery.

Toiling spirits never eloy.

Selfish nature knows no joy;

Life has something still to do.

Onward, upward, mounting higher

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

"Meet Lizzie at Six."

That was all the dispatch contained-four

in the household at Maple cottage, the quiet,

of its reception were on the point of going to

" Meet Lizzie at six !" Was our darling in

deed so near to us? Two years and three

months had passed since our eyes had been

gladdened by her girlish beauty, since her voice

had mingled with the bird music that floated

all the long summer days among the maples.

Two years and three months since she had been

buried among books, in a far distant city, bow-

mar and philosophy, astronomy and botany

was on her way to us once more-our Lizzie-

impulsive, warmhearted child that she was.

mysterious apronsful of something, was flitting

up stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flow-

er there, a daguerreotype on the table, or a

rosy-cheeked fall apple on the window-some-

father seemed undisturbed. We noticed, to

a demonstrative man, so we only looked signif-

in : two of us beside the father, who was to

It was a half mile to the depot, and the sun

had not quite risen when we started. How

balmy and pure the air was, that soft Septem

ber morning. We thought, egotictic as we are,

in our happiness, that nature sympathized with

us. It seemed as if there never had been as

fair a sun rise before, and half the glory of the

morning would have been wasted, had

The cars had not arrived when we stopped

at the station, but we heard the whistle of the

locomotive, not very far distant; and those

few sweet waiting moments-what a world of

blessed anticipation they held. The sun was

At last the train came up-stopped. We

looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces!

Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A

few passengers came out, solemn-faced and

silent. We pressed forward-so did those who

were going out on the train. The conductor

appeared, and waved everybody back, then

motioned to some one in the car. Two men

came out, and slowly descended the steps,

bearing a lifeless body-a woman her features

covered by a veil. They bore it into a saloon.

and laid it reverently upon a sofa. Still the

conductor waved the crowd back-except our

party! He knew us, and turned away his

Then we knew how it was; all except the

father; he could not believe! Finally he

raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God!

All Merciful! Is it thus we meet the, Lizzie

darling, our best beloved, idol of our hearts!

how the Angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie"

before us, in the still twilight Autumn morn-

ing, and after one pang, terrible, we know

who waited for her in the home of angels!

saw at the station house.

distinguished it :

In a brief time we learned the story—learned

Lizzie not been coming home.

zising-ah, Lizzie! Lizzie!

icantly at each other, and said nothing.

Still waters are sometimes very deep.

hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

On each wave top as it rolls,

Fill your hearts with manly fire,

Labor is for noble souls.

rest for the night.

the words above.

rested upon him, to be sure.

And your motives strong and true;

Go, relieve life's present sorrow;

May not be within your power;

of them, but we're all following fast.' BE A MAN. SHORT PATENT SERMON-No. 2.

Cease your whining, cease your fretting, Cease your railing at your lot; There's no time for useless dreaming, These complaints can profit not. What if life is not all pleasure, Fretting won't relieve the pain ;

Noble souls have never leisure BE TRUTHFUL .- Lying lips are abomination At misforune to complain. to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.-Proverbs xii, 22. Meet misfortune's drooping willows A dealer in falsehoods is an abomination As the sailor meets the storm ; Just to ride upon the billows among men also.

Till they bear him to his bourne A lying tongue is a moral ulcer, more distruc-Catch the breeze or you'll succeed not; tive to the character than a malignant cancer Life's for labor not for sport, Quiet seas thy way will speed not, Calm wont bring thee into port. Better have a reputation for truth, than to

possess great riches and be known as a liar: If you would yourself be happy, for. The lip of truth shall be established forever; You must happiness impart; but a lying tongue is but for a moment : Bless your neighbors all around you, Prov. xii, 19. Twill return to your own heart. The man whose word cannot be relied upon Let your sympathies flow outward, With the sorrowful condole; is a social bankrupt, without credit or respect Let your smiles be like the sunshine,

Truth is a brighter jewel in the crown of the poor and humble, than rare diamonds in the diadems of Kings.

Be sure my friends, nothing is to be gained by telling lies, but much, nay, everything may be lost. The Book of books declares that All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.-Revelations xxi, 8.

to see Lizzie first after all. Yes, yes-grand-

[For the New Ena.]

BY PARSON ALLBRIGHT.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not .- Pro-

Truth is a treasure all may possess. Resolve, worlds goods, you will possess the wealth which only a man of truth can have. It will serve you a better purpose than silver or gold in this life, and be an infinite gain for the life to come. Beware how you begin to suffer even what

you may deem innocent or trifling untruths, to escape your lips. Men are not likely to commit the greater sins at once. The commission of glaring sins, like the perpetration of great crimes, is generally learned by degrees. The telling of falsehoods is no exception to

this rule. Boys and girls begin by telling "little fibs" as they sometimes call them, but little words: yet what an excitement they caused if this habit is followed up it almost always leads to downright lying. sober household, whose members at the moment

LEARN WISDOM .- The fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom.—Prov. ix, 10. It is wisdom, then, first to fear the Maker Heaven and the Earth.

Choose the company of the good, for he that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed .- Prov. It is a true saying that a man is known by

ing her curls over algebra and geometry, gramthe company he keeps; and so a man will be benefitted or injured as his constant compan-French and Latin; patiently at first, because ions are good or bad men. her parents desired it; afterwards cheerfully, to please the teachers she had learned to love; If he choose the company of the good and and at last zealously, from pure thirst for the wise, he will be strengthened in good works; treasurers these studies unlocked to her. But if he seek the company of the dissolute and

it was over now; those toilsome years, and she and the vicious, the contact will surely tarnish our pet and pride-we should meet her "at six!" his fame and blacken his soul. It is the part of a wise man to shun even the She left B-in the morning; had journeved without stopping all day; this we guessed appearance of evil. Saith the Proverb-

at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil; hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us but the fool rageth, and is confident.—Porverbs At six the eastern train arrived at our station. Lizzie was to ride all night for the sake There is no wisdom nor understanding nor

counsel agains, the Lord-Proverbs xiv, 16. of reaching home thus early. It was like her. Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none How little we slept that night! What slight of his ways .- Proverbs iii, 31. sounds aroused us. How early we were all He who willingly oppresses his fellow man is

astir-even the baby and the white haired guilty of treason against the government of grandfather. "Meet Lizzie," he said, "aye, God. Surely no good man will envy the traitor indeed will we!" and the old man's voice caught a youthful tone and his crutches an nor participate in his treason. elastic movement as he hobbled about the If any who have been guilty of this high crime against Heaven and mankind in times

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the moways be established .- Proverbs iv, 26. ther about breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best? And would she make biscuits Trust those rather whose acts and lives prove or waffles?" And the mother, smiling all the them to be loval subjects of the Lord's governtime nodded her head to everything, and went

ment, and therefore haters of oppression. hurrying about with the gridiron in one hand and the egg-boiler in the other, coaxing Fan-If any say unto thee, "Are we not thy ny to curl the baby's hair, and looking at the friends?" consider wherein they have earned clock every five minutes. But Fanny, with thy confidence.

art called upon to act, and ever keep thy sympathies warm and active on the side of the down-trodden and the oppressed. For rememthing for Lizzie to see and smile at. Only the ber. He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker .-- Proverbs xiv, 31.

be sure, that the dimples in his cheeks, which FINALLY, my friends, as snow in summer. Lizzie always said she made with her fingers, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly when she was a baby, looked deeper when he smiled; and that his voice was a trifle less for a fool, (Proverbs xxvi, 1.) but a wise man steady when he told Thomas to bring the will seek after it as for hid treasure. horses; but he did not like to be considered

It matters not how humble or obscure your sphere, nor how high and exalted your station, honor should be the inflexible law governing At last the carriage came around, and we got vour every act.

That every one of my readers may be truthdrive. There was room for more, but it was ful and honorable men and women and good quite out of her line the mother said to go on dashing drive before breakfast; so we left loyal citizens, is the carnest wish of your loving falling into the gutter, and the last from fallher on the piazza with the pickle-dish in her Parson.

## Gen. Wool's Estate-How He Made His Large

The evening before the veteran General was stricken down with the illness that closed his titute." eventful career, he made a most interesting statement to the editor of the Troy Whig, which conveys a practical lesson, and shows how easy it is to become rich, after obtaining the first dollar, if one is prudent and economical. never made but \$20,000 in my life!" said the General emphatically, "but I always keptthat at good interest!" On our expressing surprise, he went on to explain. It seems that at the close of the war of 1812, the General found himself terribly wounded, but about even with the world in a pecuniary point of view. Shortly afterward the Government sent him to the far South and West on a special mission connected with military affairs, and for five vears he traveled over mountains, and through the almost trackless wilderness, and accomplished his difficult mission, as he always did, to the entire satisfaction of the Government. He had not drawn a dollar from the Treasury, except for actual expenses, and at the end of the five years the Government owed him \$20,-000, which was then paid. Here was the nucleus of his large fortune. Gen. Wool was then about thirty-five years of age. He died at about the age of eighty-eight. Now let the reader take this \$20,000, which, at compound interest, will nearly double every ten years, and in the fifty years intervening between the time of its receipt and the General's death, he will find that it will amount to just about the General's estate, to wit: \$640,000.

## THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

On the village green stands the old schoolbut brief, had wafted the gentle spirit to those house-the treasury of the recollections of At the very last stopping place, Lizzie had childhood. Its architecture is of veteran style. left the car to procure some food for a little It has stood from generation to generation, child who had fretted all night in the arms of cherishing a rude but sturdy and honest growth marked change in the manner of the Goffe's to- a wearied mother. The train stopped but for of intellect. It appears now just as of vore. a moment. It was dusk and none of the offi- only a little more dilapidated; paint it never cials had seen her leave. She returned hastily bore, the furrows in the weather-beaten shinto find it moving, made a mis-step, fell forgles are a trifle deeper, and one or two more ward-and the rest-it is a common tale, such bricks are gone from the crumbling chimney. as newspapers chronicle every week; the beau- The same crevices are by the door that were the whole story to be the effect of a diseased not but observe that I had become supicious of tiful head with its sunny curls was what we once familiar, only they are wider and longer now; the same cracks in the ceiling along We shed no tears at first, though it seemed | which the eyes wandering from books would as if a drop could save our hearts from burst- run; the same hard benches along by the rude ing it would not come-not even when one boards nailed to the wall in lieu of desks; the ness to prevent my preserving that same degree of intimacy that I had maintained during my who, we afterwards learned, was on his way to marks on these boards appear like visions from a wedding party, and who, journeying a few forgotten scenes; rude attempts at carving hours with Lizzie, had yet learned to know her names recall facts long since unthought of; good as beautiful, came up and laid, in tearful ungainly gashes, remembered as the work of a that bosom. We buried them with her; the of later date; the teacher's high desk, once posed to guard a fearful stock of instruments Blessed be God for tears! They came at for the transgessor; the favorite seats of old the tidings, and all day long he sat in his arm | the nail for each boy's hat-all these are recoganybody gone to meet the gal?"
When told again he would seem to compre-"Grandsire's old, and lame, and blind; he than the present, as we look upon the old build- Biddy.

can't go to the station, but grandsire's going ing, now in its last days of service. The benches bear their burden of young humanity; sire's not so far from his little girl as the rest but none we know are there. The play-ground is alive at recess; but the same old games are played by stranger youths. Memory pursues with footsteps swift the paths that early friends have gone. A few it overtakes; but many are beyond its ken. Some dwell in rural simplicity and contentment; others mingle with the throng at the marts of busy life. Some rise in the sphere of distinction, others calmly repose in the churchyard across the green. We are carried back to the days of youth; happy golden days were they—full of sunshine, unclouded by storms. They were peaceful days, like the waters of a smooth river ere they reach the swelling ocean. They are treasures safely then work for you with confidence. kept, which cannot be taken away. They return in bright visions; and amid these the old schoolhouse stands, with all its defects unseen. It is a sweet resting place for memory in its backward flight. Like a cottage birthplace, it your best soil for wheat. is dearer than palaces of after years. Rude with a mo e pleasing and enduring architecture by Memory's genius, and Nature will hallow the spot where it stood with the "sweet | manure, and is rained yearly.

#### WOMAN.

oblivion of flowers."

Woman is a very nice and very complicated machine. Her springs are indefinitely delicate, and differ from those of man, pretty nearly as the work of a repeating watch does from them of a town clock. Look at her body how delicately formed! Examine her sense, how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding, how subtile and acute! But look into her heart; there is the patchwork, comthen, that however poor you may be in this posed of parts so wonderfully combined that they must be seen through a microscope to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is quick as lightning. Her penetration intuiition; we have almost said instinct. By a glance of the eye she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer your question. As the perception of a woman is surprisingly quick, so her soul and imagination are uncommonly susceptible. If few women write, they all talk, and every man may judge of them on this point from every circle she goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS .- Ah! this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Some times it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.-Long-

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

The best thing out-an aching tooth. The bachelor's toast-large fortunes and small waiste! Punch

Waiter's epitaph-he couldn't wait any

2 bak Oh.' A Cleveland paper headed its account of the telegraphers' strike "Lightning Bugs."

How can you stop chickens from scratching? How to keep out of debt-don't get into i What do inheritors of real estate do? They

take " a " will for a deed." What's the difference between a suit clothes and a penny bun? The price.

Be not a witness against thy neighbor with past, attempt to whisper honied words in thine ear, Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy out cause; and deceive not with thy lips. Bread of deceit is sweet to a man: but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel.

> Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows a thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to pluck the rose as to avoid the thorn. He that is slow to anger is better than the

mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Weigh well for thyself all things wherein thou The hog may not be thoroughly posted in

> he is there—the hog is. An English jury foreman recently announced,

'My Lord, we find the man who stole the mare not guilty.' A colored gentleman in Texas, with his coattail-pocket full of powder, recently visited a

blacksmith-ship. He went in through the door and came out through the roof. Josh Billings says: "The mewl is a larger to walk with, and two more to kick with, and

it wares its wings on the side of its hed. Always turn your toes outward and your thoughts inward; the first will keep you from

ing into iniquity.

Beggar-woman—"Please, sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving!" Gent. speech at the Society for the Relief of the Des-

"Sam, what do you suppose is the reason

warmer longitude. An Irishman went to live in Scotland for short time, but didn't like the country. "I

was sick all the time I was there," said he; "and if I had lived there till this time. I'd been dead a year ago. Said an ambitious youth one day to a lady: Don't you think I'd better dye my moustache?" caressing the infant prodigy. "

think if you let it alone it'll die itself." said A prodigal son writes his father from Omaha: "I have to have my only shirt

head through.' General Smith, in Congress, while delivering one of the long prosy speeches for which he was noted, said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied the great Kentuckian, "and it seems you are re-

solved to speak till your audience arrives." "Doctor, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?" "Why it's only a cor- if ye want to keep fat and do its dooty by the rustified exegesis antispasmodically emanating craps, and as shure as we Hoosiers don't feed from the germ of the animal refrigerator pro- our land, we'll have to hunt a new country ducing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidermis of the mental profundity." Ah! that's what I told Betsy, but she 'lowed it was wurrums.'

Dr. Mary Walker's husband, or some one reporting himself as "sich," has sent a poem to the Independence (Mo.) Sentinel, of which the following is a "stanzer:"

"The bird calls from its gilded cage, Its mate far in the wildwood; And so my soul still wails for thee, Bright angel of my childhood.

But if our fate, a cruel lot. Hath cut our hearts assever. Why, Mary-bring my trowsers back! And then go vote forever!"

From rosy morn to dewy eve, who is it makes my soul to grieve, and after all does take silence, a bouquet of pure white rosebuds upon new pocket-bnife, some cuts unfamiliar because French leave? My Biddy. Who roasts my meat into a coal, who breaks my nices t china stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and re- mysterious because of its lock and key, sup- bowl, and says she "didn't on her sowl?" My Biddy. Who polishes the kitchen floor, and in half an hour or more has it precisely as before? last-came when they saw the mother. That associates, the bench at the door for the unfor- My Biddy. My pocket-handkerchiefs and hose, scene is too sacred to detail. But the old tunate youth of sable hue; the closet for the who confiscates, under the rose, and wears by grandfather's mind wandered when he heard dinner-baskets, whose aroma is yet distinct; turns my nicest clothes? My Biddy. Who chair on the porch, listening for the whistle of nized at a glance. But soon they will be no whatever she uses, and now and then to work cover the meat. the train, and saying, as his dull ear faintly more. Near by is a building just completed. refuses? My Biddy. Who slams and bangs It is a stranger on this ground; but its abode and breaks and smashes; who tears and rends of sweet milk, and boil one quart, and while "I reckon Lizzie's aboard of that. Has seems permanent. It cannot be mistaken—it and knocks and dashes; who tips and spills boiling it stir in as much fine Indian meal as is to take the place of the old house. A few and slops and splashes? My Biddy. And shall will make a very stiff batter; add a teaspoonmore days, and the tide of smiling, youthful I ever cease to be in bondage unto such as thee? ful of salt, and make very sweet with molas sesgenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, rheumatism, with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, rheumatism, and patting its white well-remembered doorway, and turn toward the only know my misery; I only wish thee over the remaining quart of cold milk over it. Cut more inviting entrance. The past is more vivid the sea; I only wish that I were free. From little bits of butter and put on the top, and bake



#### AGRICULTURAL.

CHIPS FOR THE FARMER.

Control your horse; let him know that you

are his master as well as his friend. He will Much vegetable matter is not good for grain as it does not sufficiently strengthen the straw Where vegetable manure has been long in the soil, held by the clay and lime, there is

New manure (carbonaceous) will make hands may pull down its decaying timbers and remove its foundations, but it will be rebuilt plump berry. The exceptions are when the year is unusually favorable. Many a good crop of wheat has been ruined by too much

Remember that all surface water passing off the land in a rain, instead of passing through the soil, loses to the soil what fertilizing matter it may contain. Underdraining arrests this mostly. New land is excellent for turnips; so is any

light vegetable mould, sod included, and the ashes of sod the best of all, says an eminent Wheat after clover is known to insure a crop, and best, according to Voelcker, after clover has gone to seed. We know to a cer-

tainty that the last is a good plan, not only for wheat but for other crops. Irrigate land one season, and the effect will be seen the next also-this on grass more par-

ticularly. The man who will invent cheap irrigation will be one of the main benefactors of the race. The man who will convince farmers of the full benefit of drainage will be another. According to Voelcker, an old clover ley will lose its virtue. It wants to be cultivated

do not form and pass (wash) away. Put lime and clover into your soil; lime is lasting, clover is immediate in its effects. The lime will neutralize the acid of the clover in its decomposition. Manure your land with sod. Our best far-

and put to grain at once, so that the nitrates

mer does this invariably. He applies the manure on grass, using also ashes, plaster, salt, &c., to help make the sod, and then turns it down. His land, which was once poor, is now fat. It always yields well when put to grainfirst corn, then oats or barley; or, first peas or barley, and then wheat ('all wheat) the same year, thus making a fallow and getting a crop beside. After the wheat (on the snows in the spring) or summer grain, if that is raised, it is seeded. Thus, in good condition, it is just the thing to grow a good crop of grass, and make the land still fatter. Here on pastures, and meadows, and grain fields it is worth while to look at, and yearly. With this treatment of the land no manure needs be harrowed in for grain. You always have it-the manure in the soil-and of the best kind, and readily soluble. You need but use it and get the good at once, and emeliorate the condition of your land. You have this one advantage, which is not generally thought of-you have no harsh or raw manure to apply; none with that effect; hence no manure to prepare. But what you have is How do locomotives hear? Through their en- a sweet, wholesome thing, well distributed in the soil-roots and soil-and all doing its work, A Denver store has a sign up: "FyNe Kut without harm to any grain or product, but with great benefit, and just the right kind of benefit. There is no such healthful, ready manure as sod, and answering for all purposes; besides, it is Nature's manure, if we may so distinguish it. It has proved itself what we said; it is doing that constantly, and it is the great regenerator of the soil. It is certain we are expending too much labor upon barn-yard manure, in conveying its water, &c. F. G.

> Herkimer Co., N. Y. A workshop ought to be considered a necessity on every well-conducted farm. It is astonishing how much can be accomplished with a few common carpenters' tools, a soldering-iron, some saddlers' tools, etc. If the work bench can be placed in a room which can be warmed, or which is warm enough to work in during the winter, many a dollar will be saved which would otherwise go for repairs.

The limbs of newly-planted trees are net "cut back" by many of the best European nurserymen, but only such limbs removed as are too close. The middle limbs and four or five others are left in their natural shape. The second year these limbs are cut back to about arithmetic, but when you come to a square root half their length. The result is, that, soon after the planting in spring, leaves appear at the top of the branches, and by their aid new, small rootlets are generated earlier than otherwise and that the trees in the second year form stronger wood than if they had been cut back the first year.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, in speaking of absorbents for manure, incidentally alludes to the great value of urine as a fertilizer, and in suggesting methods by which burd than the guse or turkey. It has two legs | it can be saved, proposes composting with, 1st, dried muck or loam; 2d, sand; 3d, spent tan; 4th, sawdust ; 5th, leaves ; 6th, straw "sorts." That the waste of liquid manure is enorm-

ous, is beyond question. That much that is wasted can be saved, is equally clear, and that more must be if we would preserve even the present productiveness of our farms, is becoming painfully apparant. How to do it in the cheapest and most effective way, is still a Can't stop; in a hurry; I've got to make a question that calls for earnest consideration. TAXING FARMERS AS PRODUCE BROKERS .-The Commissioner of Internal Revenue

issued an order some time since to Assessors that the sun goes toward the south in the and Assistant Assessors throughout the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless | country, in regard to the tax on farmers, when he no stand the climate of norf, and so am they sell their own products, taxing them as bliged to go to the souf, where he 'sperience produce brokers. Gen. Schenck, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, is opposed to this system of taxation, and has filed his objections with the Commissioner. If the ruling is not shortly reversed, he will probably introduce a bill in Congress to meet the case .-Wash. Cor. Boston Journal.

The deficiency of forests in certain parts of California is at present attracting attention in that State, and the journals are pressing upon farmers the necessity of planting walnut, hickoory, orange, and locust trees, asserting that the crops would yield a fair return for the expendi ture. Thus a grove of 15,000 English walnut trees in Los Angeles county, one-fourth in bearwashed by the dozen, for it is in twelve pieces, ing, is reported to yield an average of \$30 a and the smallest hole in it is the one I put my tree, or \$112,500 in the aggregate. Besides this, it is asserted they would affect the climate beneficially. In Egypt, it is said, the construction of the fresh water canal from the Nile to Ismaillia, caused an ancient dried-up basin to be covered with vegetation, and the trees, when grown up, changed the temperature of the air and produced heavy rains.

Josiah Pettybone, in the Northwestern Farmer, adopting the Josh Billings style, says : "Land needs feedin' as well as anything else before many years rolls over us. I've bin a doin' this the best I knowed how ; but I couldn't keep my farm from runnid' down and lettin' the craps fall short, with all the manure I put onto my feelds. Sence I begun to read your paper, and study about the matter, I think I've got a idee of the difficulty in the way. I didn't take care ov the manure, but wasted a good deal more than I saved. Now, I'm a goin' to save all the stable manure and barn-yard litter, and straw, and corn stalks, and every thing else that makes manure, and make what you call a compost heap, and I'll haul muck and leaves and mix with it, and throw all the ashes and sopesuds, and other waste things, onto it; and when it gits rotten, I'll draw it out and scatter it over my feelds, and plough it in as deep as I

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

How to SALT BEEF .- For every 100 pounds of beef, take 14 ounces of saltpetre, 24 pounds brown sugar, 5 pounds good salt, and 24 gallons water; mix all together and boil the mass till all the hard ingredients are thoroughly dissolved; then let the brine cool and pour it over the meat, which must be packed tight and comes and goes whene'er she chooses, injures weighed down. The pickle should entirely

INDIAN BAKED PUDDING .- Take two quarts two hours in a moderate oven.